Le théâtre de A

by Nakamura Asumiko

Chapter 10

The End
TheEndManga.wordpress.com

Always open to new freelancers
finishing off projects of their choosing!

scanner > Kalendel
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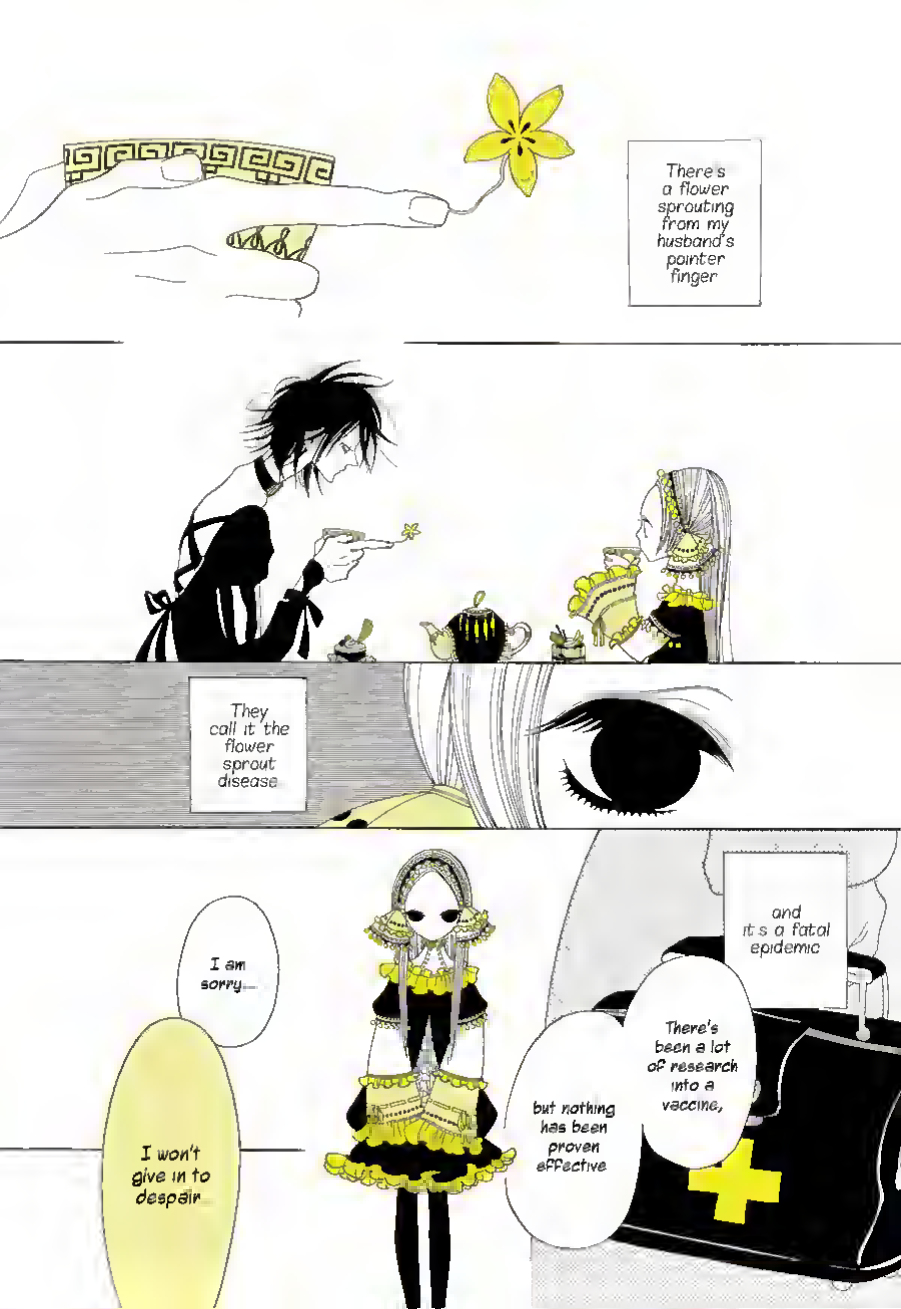
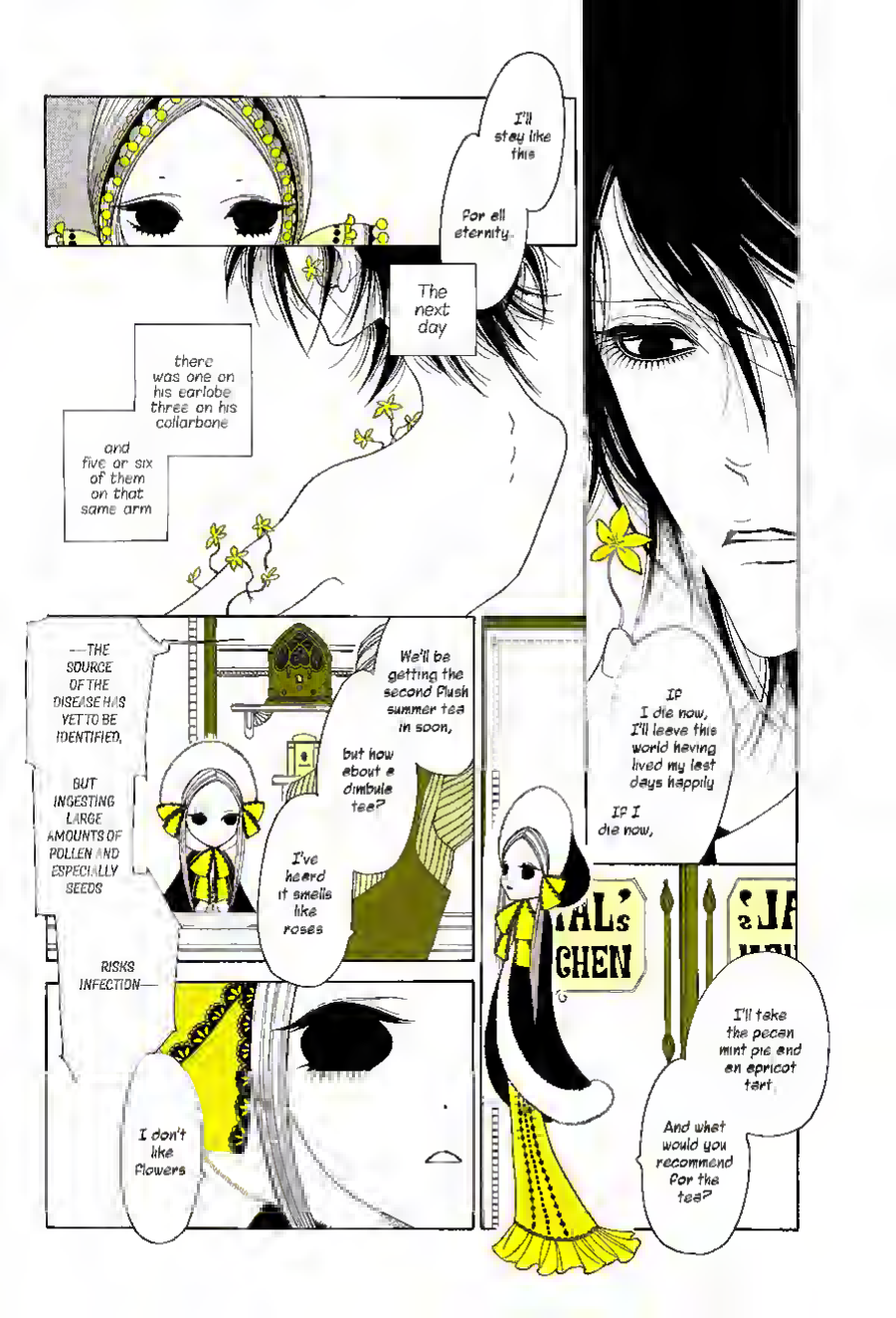
perfect world


There's a flower sprouting from my husband's pointer finger
They call it the flower sprout disease
and it's a fatal epidemic
There's been a lot of research into a vaccine,
but nothing has been proven effective
I am sorry...
I won't give in to despair


I'll stay like this
For all eternity..
The next day
there was one on his earlobe three on his collarbone
and five or six of them on that same arm
IF I die now, I'll leave this world having lived my last days happily
IF I die now,
—THE SOURCE OF THE DISEASE HAS YET TO BE IDENTIFIED,
BUT INGESTING LARGE AMOUNTS OF POLLEN AND ESPECIALLY SEEDS
RISKS INFECTION—
We'll be getting the second Plush summer tea in soon,
but how about a dimbulo tee?
I've heard it smells like roses
I don't like flowers
I'll take the pecan mint pie and an apricot tart
And what would you recommend for the tea?

We'd always take along pastries from Hall's
That hill to the south
and there were flowers blooming all over the place
It was fun.
I'd like to go again
There were two on his eyelid five stretching out from the nape of his neck and numerous ones on his head
You know, we used to drink tea outside all the time.
My husband expects to die
Blackberry and mocha eclairs, and a praline napoleon
THERE HAVE BEEN NUMEROUS CASES OF FAKE MEDICINE BEING SOLD AS WONDER DRUGS.
MONETARY LOSSES HAVE RISEN INTO THE MILLIONS...
YOU SHOULD WEAR A MASK WHEN GOING OUTSIDE...
Hall's Mixture

He's going to die
while looking so beautiful, isn't he?
He'll leave me behind
HAL's
KITCHEN
closed
Oh.
Is it OK For you to be up?
I see you made some tea.
My beautiful husband
that's fine.
Hal's is closed, so I don't have any pastries today

Thanks.
Don't drink it!

I put flower seeds in the teapot.
...I wanted us to die together
I wouldn't mind leaving this world if you weren't in it!
But that—
is cruel and selfish
They're sweet

They're far better than sweet pastries
I didn't wind up catching the disease
When the season changed that disease disappeared like it had never been
and even now my husband makes the flowers bloom on that southern hill
If they're your flowers, I'll eat every last one